To conquer the kingdome,
Then to ſpeake ſo much more French.
Kate. A your Maieſty
Has falſe France enough, to deceiue
De beſt Lady in France.
Harry. No faith Kate not I.
But Kate prethee tell me in plaine tearmes,
Doſt thou loue me?
Kate. I cannot tell.
Harry. No: Can of any your Neighbours tel,
Ile aske them.
Come *Kate*, I know you loue me.
And ſoone when you are in your Cloſſet,
Youle queſtion this Lady of me:
But I pray thee ſweet Kate, vſe me mereifully,
Becauſe I loue thee cruelly.
That I ſhall dye Kate, is ſure:
But for thy loue by the Lord neuer.
What wench,
A ſtraight backe will grow crooked,
A round eye will grow hollow,
A great legge will waxe ſmall,
A curld pate prooue bald:
But a good heart Kate is the Sun and the Moon,
And rather the Sun and not the Moone:
And therefore Kate take me,
Take a ſouldier, take a ſouldier,
Take a king:
Therefore tell me Kate, wilt thou haue mee?
Kate. Dat is as pleaſe de king my Father.
Harry. Nay it will pleaſe him,
Nay it ſhall pleaſe him Kate,
And vpon that condition Kate ile kiſſe thee.
Ka. O mon du ie ne voudroy faire quelk choſſe
Pour toute le monde,
Ce ne poynt votree fachion en fauor.

Harry

Harry. What ſayes ſhe Lady?
Lady. Dat it is not de faſion in France
For de maides, befor da be married to
May foy ie oblye, what is to baſſie?
Har. To kiſſe, to kiſſe.
O that tis not the faſhion in France
For the maids to kiſſe before they are married.
Lady. O wye ſee votree grace.
Har. Well, weel breake that cuſtome.
Therefore Kate patience perforce and yeelde.
Before God Kate you haue witchcraft
In your kiſſes:
And may perſwade with me more
Then all the French Councell,
Your father is returned.

Enter the Kings of France, and the Lordes.

How now my Lords?
Fran. Brother of England,
We haue ordered the Articles,
And haue agreed to all that we in ſedule had.
Exe. Onely he hath not ſubſcribed this,
Where your Maieſty demands,
That the King of France hauing any occaſion
To write for matter of grant,
Shall name your Highneſſe in this forme:
And with this addition in French,
Noſtre treſher filz, Henry Roy d' Angleterre,
E heare de France. And thus in Latine:
Preclariſſimus filius noſter Henricus Rex Angliæ,
Et heres Franciæ.
Fran. Nor this haue we ſo nicely ſtood vpon,
But you faire brother may intreat the ſame.